

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν.”

PLAT. *Phædo. sec. xxxvi.*

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

APRIL 29, 1841. No. CCLXVI.—NEW SERIES, No. CLXXIV.

PRICE 3d.
STAMPED, 4d.

As the musical topic of the week, we are forced very reluctantly upon the rubbish-heap of Mr. H. Phillips's correspondence—an accumulation of worthless, unseemly, malarious matter, such as the public has rarely had cast in its way, and to which, the sweepings of a boarding-school room would afford far clearer specimens of intellect, and unquestionably higher and purer tests of virtue. We are thankful that the newspapers, particularly the Sunday “broad-sheets,” have waggoned off this unsavoury abomination, spreading it far and wide over the harvest-fields where Mr. H. Phillips has so long dominated, and which thus manured, we trust, will now give nurture to those humbler, yet wholesómer plants, hitherto choked or over-run by the weed; we are, moreover, especially grateful that our pages have been spared the scavenger task.

For the information however, of such of our readers whose time and patience have not been wasted on the subject, we deem it but fair to Mr. Balfe to state that the pamphlet put forth by him contains the following important items:—1st—a *bona-fide* engagement, “dictated by Mr. Phillips, written by Mr. Wilson,” and signed by Mr. P. and the other principal members of the English Opera company, binding themselves to perform at the Lyceum Theatre, *from the 6th of March till the 6th of July 1841.* 2nd—a series of letters proving incontestably that the “severe accident” was a mere subterfuge; and that Mr. H. Phillips's absence from the English Opera on the 6th and 8th of March, arose out of a discussion respecting the engagement of Miss —, which had been proposed by Mr. Phillips, and to which Mr. Balfe ventured to suggest some very reasonable objections. And 3rd—that Mr. H. Phillips's subsequent absence on Easter Tuesday, and final desertion of the theatre, were not occasioned by any annoyance on the part of his colleagues, but by the conscious discomfort which his own puerility had produced—the utter disregard for his brother artists, the numerous inferior performers dependent on the theatre, and of the cause itself—the blinding egotism

VOL. XV.—NEW SERIES, VOL. VIII.

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[Printed by John Leighton, 11, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street.]

which makes self the one and the all—and that reckless instinct of impudence and folly which induces a belief that however deeply it may plunge, its own inflation will buoy it anon to the surface.

Now, we think, and we had almost written *hope*, that the ballast Mr. Phillips carries with him on this occasion may sink him far out of his depth—at least, we trust he will be taken down a considerable number of pegs, and subjected to the fool's lesson, a severe and enduring experience. We fear that the cloud he has drawn over the English Opera dawn is more ominously fatal than even that occasioned by Mr. Barnett's failure, which excited Mr. P.'s unsparing reprehension. The disorganization of the company, the disorder of the *business* of the establishment, the injury inflicted on composers engaged on works for performance, and particularly on Mr. G. A. Macfarren, whose opera, chosen by Mr. Phillips on account of a part written expressly for him, is declared to have been ready for production—these are sins which the hand of the law can but inadequately punish, and the delinquent's money but poorly compensate. But the shuffling, ill-temper, and something worse than absurdity of Mr. Phillips's conduct will shake the confidence of those kindly disposed persons, who, tolerating the Man for the sake of the Art, have raised him above his native level; while, as in this enigmatical world the innocent too often suffer for the guilty, the misdoings of Mr. H. Phillips will most probably leave a stigma on the better and wiser members of his caste.

There is a noble expression of Napoleon on record—when mercy was entreated for a French soldier who had deserted to the enemy, he exclaimed, with his usual apothegmatic power, "No clemency for a matricide: he who wars with his country stabs his mother." The thinking reader will doubtless agree with us, that he who wilfully injures the art which has nourished him is a most unnatural son, and must be considered an unworthy and degraded brother.

In fairness we must add, that we cannot exonerate Mr. Balfe and his colleagues from the odium of participation in his, Mr. Phillips's, falsehood, by promulgating the imposture of the "severe accident" and the "medical certificate," which they well knew to be "got up" for the occasion. By the way, what is to be said for Mr. Richard P. O'Reilly, member of the R.C.S.I., of No. 57, Sackville-street, Dublin? or what will he say to his friends and all sober men for himself? Moreover, we think Mr. Balfe should have given up the names of the parties so repeatedly and strongly demanded by Mr. Phillips: if certain persons really *did* demur at the proposed engagement of Miss — their motives were so rational that they could have had no hesitation in acknowledging them; and if the objection emanated from his own bosom, he should have manfully supported it. We are bitterly inimical to what is called managerial manœuvring; the public are grown too wise to be cajoled by it, and the really honest cause can afford to do without it. However, Mr. Balfe may yet be called upon to explain away this latter part of his error, and the shaken confidence of his patrons will sufficiently reprove the former.

We have spoken of this most disgraceful affair with mingled sorrow and indignation, without fear as without prejudice. We must lament the injury done to dramatic music, which now, for the first time, has had a chance in this country: we mourn over the benighted, if not blighted, hopes of all who are connected with, or interested in the struggle: we are sorry, sincerely sorry, for

Mr. H. Phillips; but still more—very much more—for Miss —, as we should be for any woman whose unfortunate situation subjected her to the defence of such a protector.

THE LIFE OF A COMPOSER, AN ARABESQUE.

BY CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

(Continued from page 259.)

Meanwhile, we had reached the pleasant little town of X—, and so powerfully did I feel the mania of essaying my musical powers, that, contrary to my first intention, I resolved on sojourning there for a time, in order to gratify it. "None but a faint-hearted simpleton," said I to myself, "suffers himself to be dejected." So humming Pedrillo's air in *Die Entführung* (Mozart's *Seraglio*), I sought the refreshment of my couch, full of buoyant hopes respecting my projected concert.

On the following morning, I made the best figure I could, and waited on Mr. Von Y—, of the musical taste of whose family I had heard a great deal, and who was one of the most influential personages in that small town.

He saluted me with, "Ah, welcome! I am extremely happy to make your acquaintance; I assure you, in several letters I have received, your name has been very favourably mentioned.—(I bowed.)—You, of course, know my newest sonatas?"

I was strangely embarrassed. "I beg pardon, but really I cannot say that—"

"But," interrupted he, "the quartet?"

"I am very sorry," said I, stammering and blushing at the time; "but I do not remember—"

"Well," said my host, not a little disconcerted, "at all events, you must be familiar with my set of capriccios—at least, if you read the journals, or are at all conversant with scientific literature."

I felt that these perplexing questions must be put a stop to, and so plunged at once into the desperate confession. "I am ashamed of my ignorance; but was really unaware of the fact, that Herr Von Y— composed."

The good gentleman's countenance fell; and lowering instantly the tone of his voice, he said, "My dear friend, I am really very sorry, but understanding that you propose giving concerts, I must candidly tell you that you have very little chance, very little indeed, of doing any good here. The people of this place, Sir, are critical judges; critical as the Viennese themselves, and (here a new thought seemed to strike him)—unless, indeed, you could prevail on my daughter to sing: in that case—"

At this moment the door of the room opened, and a young female entered, whose figure and appearance were of a kind to provoke observation, not unmingled with mirth. She was her father's Opera 1^{re}, and a truly droll specimen of composition did she exhibit. Do but picture to yourself a diminutive creature, burdened with a tremendously large head, covered with black shaggy hair, and ornamented with a tiara of false diamonds of unconscionable size. From her mouth, at the formation of which the Graces did not certainly preside, issued a voice which resembled a pitch-pipe of the days of good Guido Aretinus, and screeched such tones, that my ears enjoyed sensations similar to those produced by scratching on a pane of glass. The delicate daughter threw her spider-like arms around her papa, who introduced her to me as a scholar of the art, and said, "You must sing this gentleman a part of your grand scena; you know how much I admire it. Sir, it is a composition at once lofty and profound."—(I bowed.)

The young cantatrice eyed me from top to toe, with that kind of patronising air which your long-pursed amateur knows so well how to affect, and then, turning, said to her father, "Papa, you know (and here she strove to get up a cough), you know what a cold I have got; I am absolutely hoarse to-day; (here she began a strained croaking;) good heavens! you yourself hear in what bad order my voice is."

The fact is, that nature had denied the lady organs capable of producing any thing like an endurable tone; and when she began again to essay, I felt alarmed. I, however, suppressed my repugnance, and feeling that interest prompted my doing the polite thing, I interposed, and begged that the lady would honour me by singing a few bars.

The condescending maiden (evidently nothing loth) complied. She squatted down before the pianoforte, and after hammering out a few chords with all her might, and blundering an unfortunate slip-shod run through the semi-tones, she screamed a bravura air of Scarlatti.

I showed all the interest I could fain, striving occasionally to get a peep at the notes, over her active and broad-spread shoulders. At every dozen bars, she would exclaim, with a languishing turn of the head, "You see, I can't make it out at all!" She then coughed again, and offered little appoggiatura remarks upon her hoarseness, and amidst increasing interruptions, at last got to the end of her task. I struggled against nature to say something handsome of the performance, for my very teeth were set on edge; some of her upper notes were for all the world like those of the hurdy-gurdy. Nothing could be more dangerous than admiration at such a moment; for I saw she was upon the point of treating me to another specimen, when luckily her mother entered. This lady was a perfect copy of Xantippe, in a high state of preservation. The moment she came in, she set up a shout of admiration, compared to which, the noise of one of Wranitz's allegros is but as the rustling of a few leaves. I thought it but common politeness to contribute my quota of admiration at the same time; but my feeble "brava!" died away unheard amidst the tempest of her applause.

"My daughter, Sir," said she at last, after she had somewhat recovered from her raptures, "is a true musical genius; the talent she possesses is astonishing! and though she did not begin to study music till thirteen, she has frequently corrected the *Stadt-musikant* (musician in ordinary to the town) in *generalpasch*. And then, Sir, you should hear how beautifully she plays on the *Strahl-harmonica*. O, go and fetch it; there is nothing to compare to that charming instrument!"

The agonies of death seized me, in anticipation of this new ordeal, and I could only stammer out, that it certainly was an instrument adapted to Adagios.

"True," said the pertinacious mamma, "Adagios, that is the very thing: so, my dear, pray play us Mozart's *Bird-catcher*."

I could contain myself no longer; disgust gave way to an inclination to laugh, and in spite of all my struggles, the suppressed titter at length broke forth. The countenances of the whole family underwent an instantaneous change; and, from a smirk of self-complacency, fell some dozen inches in length. They whispered to each other: my ear caught the words, "Utterly destitute of all taste!"—"No more ear for true music than an ape,"—and in the course of five minutes, I found myself left quite alone. The father was called away upon particular business, the mother was wanted in the kitchen, and the Signora figlia, complaining of head-ache, scampered away to her boudoir. I drew breath as though my lungs were obliged to supply the bellows of the great organ at Westminster; and, after a moment's pause, laying my finger on my nose, I performed the *scala descendendo*, and walked quietly out of the house, fully resolved never again to attempt to propitiate the patronage of a musical family.

I determined to go directly to the *Stadt-musikus*, to engage the necessary performers for my concert.

I had not proceeded far in the street, when I met a group of chorus-singers, who were preparing to treat the towns-people to a piece of music. They were coughing themselves right lustily into good voice.

Oh divine human organ! thou first instrument bestowed upon us by the Creator, according to which all others are modelled; thou that alone art capable of truly and effectively moving the feelings; how admirable do thy powers appear to me in choral song, which, even when exercised in an humble degree, put me quite in a glow, and strike to my very heart!

Though full of my project, I halted, prepared to listen to a chorus, simple, touching, and in every respect adapted to the feelings and capacity of the people.

But my evil stars had doomed me to-day to nothing but vexation and annoyance; and what should my gentlemen strike up but one of the latest airs from the opera of *Fanchon*; and even this they so dreadfully mangled, keeping neither time nor tune, that I made no scruple of accosting the lanky singer of the bass, who stood next to me, and who, as he was filling up his pause in the piece by voraciously swallowing a jorum of bread and milk, appeared the least likely to suffer any interruption, inquiring of him the direction of Mr. —, the *Stadt-musikus*. "Sir, *Der Herr Principal* lives yonder to the right; you cannot possibly miss the house; you will be sure to hear them, for this is the very hour they are practising the Russian horn-music; but I don't think you'll find any vacancy at present."

Not a little chagrined at the fellow's coolness, I answered rather testily, that I was in want of no such situation, and turning sharply on my heel, I steered my course directly towards the house. Sure enough I had no difficulty in finding it; for of all the horrid noises I had ever heard, this was the most appalling. Feeling considerable alarm for the drums of my ears, I cautiously approached the scene of uproar, and at length making a bold effort, entered the school. The scene that presented itself was whimsical in the extreme. In a circle of from ten to fifteen boys, who were blowing their horns with all their might, or at least stood in the act of blowing, was stationed the *Stadt-musikus*, who grasped in both hands a baton of formidable size, with which he beat the time upon a pianoforte that stood near him, and occasionally upon the head of the unlucky wight who happened to miss the time; and all this had the additional accompaniment of his feet, with which he stamped with the fury of one who had lately escaped from the madhouse. They were performing an overture of his own composition, in which the horns had a very predominant part, and which his scholars were playing after the Russian fashion—a horn to every single note. To the right and left were ranged other performers on the violin, clarinet, bassoon, trombone, &c., who were working away with all their might, giving every passage *fortissimo*; and in the midst of this terrible din was, at every instant, heard the infuriated exclamation of the director: "Wrong, you blundering dog! too high! too low! too quick! too slow! attention there!" &c.

My entrance did not mend matters; there was something more novel in the appearance of a stranger than in their master's score, and every eye was turned towards me, to the good director's no small annoyance. The moment was critical; they had just come to the *allegro*, and the master wishing to rally the attention of his scholars, and bring his favourite passage to bear, waxed warm in the fervour of direction, and beat and stamped with redoubled fury. At this unlucky moment, a long board, which served as a music-shelf, having become loosened by such powerful and incessant vibration, came down with a crash upon the pianoforte, and sent the sounding board in shivers into the air. A burst of laughter, *all'unisono*, followed, and there was an end of every thing like music, at least for this sitting. Profiting of this moment, I stepped forward, and introduced myself to the worthy director.

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL STATISTICS—ITALY.

During the year 1840, thirty-five new operas have been produced in Italy, emanating from eleven new composers, viz.—

At the Carnival.....	18	new operas,	by 5	new composers.
During the Spring	4	ditto	2	ditto.
During the Summer.....	5	ditto	2	ditto.
During the remainder of the year.	8	ditto	2	ditto.
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Total of 1840	35	new operas,	11	new composers.
The year 1838 produced.....	44	ditto	15	ditto.
The year 1839 produced.....	37	ditto	18	ditto.

Consequently, in three years, }
have been produced in Italy } 116 new operas, by 44 new composers.

During the last three months of the year (1840), eight new operas have been produced in Italy; of these, three were produced at Naples, two at Turin, one at Florence (by a new composer, Biagi), one at Genoa, and one at Milan.

Among the known and admired operatic compositions of celebrated composers, the operas of Donizetti have been the most frequently represented, having been produced at thirty-six theatres, *viz.*—

Lucia de Lammermoor	at 8 theatres.
Gemma di Vergi	5 do.
Belisario	5 do.
Torquato Tasso	4 do.
Marino Falerio	4 do.
Lucrezia Borgia	4 do.
Elisir d'Amore	3 do.
Roberto Devereux	3 do.
Furioso	2 do.
Olivo e Pasquale	1 do.
Figlia dell' aria	1 do.

The operas of Bellini were performed at eighteen theatres: his *Sonnambula* was represented at six of them.

Those of Rossini, at eleven theatres: his *Barbiere di Siviglia* at four of them.

Mercadante's operas were produced at nine theatres: the *Bravo* at four of them.

Ricci's operas were also produced at nine theatres: his *Chiara* was performed at five of them.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

SONATA PLAYING.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—Considering that every occurrence connected with the science of music ought to be recorded in your periodical, as it is the only publication devoted exclusively to the Art, I beg to inform you, that a select party was invited on Monday evening, by Messrs. Coventry and Hollier, to their rooms in Dean-street, to hear a few gentlemen “run their fingers over the keys of the pianoforte,” as Clementi used to say. A most excellent grand pianoforte, by Broadwood, had been selected for the occasion, and the following compositions were performed in a masterly style:—

Sonata in A major (Op. 3), W. S. Bennett	G. Pinto
Sonata in E flat (Op. 81), <i>Les Adieux</i> , R. Barnett	Beethoven.
Sonata in B minor (Op. 40), W. S. Bennett	Clementi.
Sonata in A minor, C. Potter	Mozart.
Sonata in G (Op. 35), Dorrell	Dussek.
Sonata in C sharp minor (Op. 27), W. S. Bennett	Beethoven.

I am old enough to remember Clementi, Steibelt, Woelfl, Dussek, J. B. Cramer, Bon-tempo, in their zenith, and, of course, I have heard all the eminent modern pianists; but never recollect to have experienced a more intellectual treat, from any pianoforte performance, than I did on this occasion; and I strongly recommend the artists to hoist the banner of “classical sonatas,” and make a crusade against all manufacturers of fantasias, capriccios, stoccatos, airs with variations, &c., and by that means direct musical students' attention to what is really good.—Yours, &c., &c.,

April 27, 1841.

A FRIEND TO RISING TALENT.

[We print the above with pleasure—the more so, as we have been favoured with an account of the same admirable performance from another correspondent, signed “Juvenis.” We give precedence, as in duty bound, to our patriarchal Friend; and are persuaded we shall be excused by the junior for extracting a passage or two from his letter, in order that our readers may observe that the estimation of the really good, belongs to all ages and to all times—that what was gold, is, and must be, gold to the end of the world, “musical” as well as physical.—Ed. M. W.]

“I have seldom enjoyed so delightful an entertainment, and could scarcely have thought it possible that an evening devoted exclusively to one species of

composition and one instrument, could have presented such variety, or produced such effects." * * *

"It were needless to speak of the execution of these charming pieces; the well-known talents of the several players guaranteeing something as near perfection as mortal powers can be expected to achieve. There was an air of generous rivalry in the several performances, that shed a very unusual glow and brilliancy over the whole. Of the pieces chosen, no words can be too praiseful—whether considered as strains of immortal poetry, or combinations of skill and science, or as proofs of the magic of Genius, to effect vast things with limited means, they are indeed little miracles; and each and every of them should be found in the portfolios, and on the desks—I should like to say, under the pillows—of every mental pianist in Europe. A numerous party of artists partook of this intellectual treat, and were highly indebted for the taste and hospitality of their hosts."

REVIEW.

Sail on, sail on, my merry Boat: Ballad. Words by W. H. Olivier. Music by J. S. Knight. Monro and May.

This song is in D major; the first two bars of it are written in three parts, the bass held, the tenor an apeggio of the chord, and the melody which moves where it likes; the apeggio is so contrived as that two most disagreeable hidden octaves occur between that part and the treble, thus A of the tenor at the end of the second bar moves to F, as does the G of the treble at the end of the second bar, the C of the bass moves to A, as does the B of the treble, as these two are the only moving parts, the effect is disagreeable. Beginning at the penultimate repetition of the word "love," there is a particularly awkward and unnecessary error. The last half of the penultimate bar consists of the \sharp on G sharp, the E being at top in both melody and accompaniment; the first chord in the next bar is the minor seventh on A, the E of the accompaniment going to G natural, while the melody goes to G sharp, taken as an appoggiatura before the A, here is the most hideous cross relation between the G sharp of the bass in one chord, and the G natural of the treble accompaniment in the next, this may be avoided by leaving out the sharp to the bass G. The G sharp appoggiatura we may leave in: some persons cannot give any expression without these whining semitones, we leave this G note for their sickly appetites. The words may be poetry, they certainly are not sense. In the first verse the boat is requested to sail on "where never boat has ever gone," "to realms of peace and love." We should be happy to know where these realms of peace and love are, certainly no boat has ever gone there yet, and we think this first voyage of discovery for the purpose will be rather a fruitless one. In the second verse the parties, (we do not know whether they be the lady and the boat, or the lady and somebody else, for at the beginning she apostrophizes the boat and afterwards speaks to some one else of our boat), disliking this world, go to find one of their own which we hope may be more to their liking. In the third verse (and last "Grace à Dieu") is one sensible feeling, after telling the winds to blow and saying that they care not where their bark may roam, are the lines, "'twill be sweet when life is done, as one in death to lie;" the first part of the verse gives an admirable chance of their lying as one "under the waters cold." As we do not wish to interfere with any lady or gentleman's private amusements, we have no objection to the boat sailing on for ever so that it cross not our course again.

Should'st thou e'er cast one thought on me: Ballad. Words by Edward Noyce Browne, Esq. Music by P. D. Guglielmo.

This song is one of the thousand and one children of Rossini, we say children of Rossini; because, although the name of Guglielmo be on the title page, it is to Rossini and Rossini alone that all the melodies of this class owe their origin. The character of it is the sickly sentimental, and it is therefore admirably suited to the words. The original key is D flat but it is published in A flat, with reference to which key all our remarks will be made. The first symphony consists of a horn solo of eighteen bars (the voice part itself being twenty-two) played by Signor Puzzi. The head of a giant (as regards size, not power) with the body of a dwarf. There is one very disagreeable thing in the symphony,

and which likewise occurs in the song. In the bass the chord of A flat is followed by the seventh on E flat, both arpeggio'd into four quavers, the melody against this is A G A A natural quavers, C dotted crotchet and B quaver, this style of appoggiatura of leaping to and dwelling on the note above that on which a passing semitone should resolve, is just endurable when the major seventh of the scale is the note dwelt on; rarely otherwise, and certainly not here. There is a cadence *as played by Signor Puzzi*, it is the oldest and most vulgar of the cadences, the first thing that a singer would do who made any cadence at all, and who could keep in the key. The manner of progressing from F minor back to A flat, in the middle of the song, is disagreeable from the false relation between the E natural and E flat. The progression is, common chord of C major, followed by the seventh on E flat, this might have been easily avoided by taking any inversion of the seventh, the E natural falling to the E flat. With regard to the words we beg to inform the author that if we be in error in thinking that the line, "like brightness chasing its own light," means nothing, we shall thank him to set us right, by explaining what it really does mean. We cannot understand why the Italians should arrogate to themselves the sole power of invention in melody (as they do) as there are but two Italian styles of melody, the *old church*—in which they were joined by all Europe, and the *modern secular*—invented by Rossini, in which he has been followed by all Italian composers with only such disagreeable alterations as the want of genius and taste of the different imitators has suggested. Among the Germans we have not only the different styles of melody of Handel, Mozart, Weber and others, but even distinct styles in different operas by the same composer, when writing under different feelings, *vide* the Don Juan and the Zauberflöte of Mozart. In the modern Italian school, whether a victim be led to the sacrifice, or a lover be serenading his mistress, the character of the melody is just the same, all the apparent difference consisting in the acting and the expression given to the words and music by the singer. This is not that invention in melody which the Italians claim.

Atherlie ; Ballad. The Music composed by F. W. N. Crouch.

The title page of this ballad informs us that it has been sung by Madame Caradori Allen, at the Musical Festivals, &c. If this ballad be popular at all, we should imagine it would be so principally to those who have heard Madame C. A. sing it. What *she* might have made of it we do not know, but if *she* made it interesting, she must have sung very much more of her own music than of Mr. Crouch's. The ballad is in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, and in A major. The melody, if sung "con anima espressivo" as directed, would sound very much like an Irish jig. The composer, we presume, to prevent this, confuses the accent so as to render it impossible any person should think of dancing to it, by marking an accent over the fourth quaver of *nearly* every bar throughout the song.

The ballad *jigs* away very much, we presume, to the author's satisfaction for sixteen bars. Eight bars more are then taken up in calling out "Atherlie!" alternately on dominant and tonic, giving the hearer an idea that the singer's "own, his faithful Atherlie," has run away with "some newer lover." The third four bars of the song, where the "*beauteous west*" is mentioned, are precisely the same as four bars in an elegant *west* country song, the name of which we do not recollect, but the burden of which is something about "in the season of the year." The accompaniment is framed utterly regardless of the laws of harmony or counterpoint. There is one excuse to be made for the composer—he appears to have *erred from ignorance not design*. We will mention one or two of the faults for our readers edification. Between the second and third bars are the trifling errors of consecutive fifths, the root and the discord going to the same note; and, to make it as bad as can be, they move by similar motion, making hidden octaves. The accompaniment throughout appears to have no connection with the melody. The rhymes are of the usual kind—pretty words strung together, apparently at random, *meaning nothing*. Shades of Metastasio and Mozart, when will the union of bad music to worse poetry be dissolved? Will the time never come again when both sense and poetry shall exist in the

authors, and be echoed in the sounds of composers? We fear not until young ladies sing by note, and not by ear; and until all music-masters become honest. One great reason why the rage for singing these nothings continues, we take to be this:—Music-masters get a large profit on the music they supply to their pupils; it is, therefore, much more to their interest to supply bad ballads of sixteen bars—eight of which are probably merely the repetition of another eight, and which can be learned in two or three days—than to bring them good music, which would take more than the same number of weeks. We do not mean to extend these strictures to the respectable members of the profession, who are above this, and who sigh hopelessly for the time when good music shall be appreciated; but only to those who catch victims by teaching cheaply, but who, nevertheless, make up for the lowness of their terms by the quantity of music they supply. The only hope we have of seeing an alteration in this, is in the knowledge that there are many young men rising in the profession, who would rather live on water gruel and see music flourish, than keep their cabs and tigers, and fare sumptuously every day, by the prostitution of the art they love.

The Remembrance of Home. Poetry by T. H. Morris, Esq.; music by Geo. H. Thompson. Pickering, Manchester. Chappell, London.

This song is in G major—premising that it reminds us very much of an eating song in the same key, in the *Azor and Zemira* of Spohr, this is a very pretty little song. The melody is very clear and graceful; that and the accompaniment both shew that the composer has studied in a good school. He must be a young man, for he is evidently deeply smitten with Spohr. If his genius be equal to his taste, it will not be long before he finds that this *school* or *manner* confines him too much. All young composers have been bitten with the Spohr mania. Experience alone teaches them that no one but the master himself can use his manner long without tiring all about him; talking about it always has, and will be useless. There are only two things we object to in this song, both occurring in the third bar of the symphony.—1st. On the 6th on C, we decidedly object to B and D sharp being taken as appoggiaturas; next, we object to the seventh on D occurring, on the fourth quaver of the bar, the A of the melody should have had the C bass continued, the seventh on D coming on the fifth quaver. We recommend this song to our readers; it will not spoil either their ears or their taste; it is one of those things which (being pretty), though not appearing to attempt it, will tend to improve both. The words, strange to say, are sense, absolute sense! and though (like the song) not altogether original, the thoughts are true to nature. The turn of the expressions, and the clearness of the rhythm, are very *Little* alias *Moore*-ish.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE. METROPOLITAN.

SOCIETA ARMONICA.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The following was the programme of Monday evening's concert:—

PART I.

Symphony.....	Beethoven.
Duetto, <i>Benedir quel l'infelice</i> —Signora Granchi and Signor Tamburini.....	Donizetti.
Aria, <i>Come innocenti</i> —Mme. Grisi.....	Donizetti.
Fantasia, Harp, Mr. J. Balsir Chatterton.....	J. B. Chatterton.
Aria, <i>Agitato</i> —Sig. Tamburini.....	Paer.
Overture, <i>Euryanthe</i>	Weber.

PART II.

Overture, <i>Midsummer Night's Dream</i>	Mendelssohn Bartholdy.
Duetto, <i>Se la vita</i> , Mme. Grisi and Sig. Tamburini.....	Rossini.
Aria, <i>Sognor talor di Correre</i> , Signora Granchi.....	Donizetti.
Fantasia, Horn, Mr. Jarrett.....	Jarrett.
Aria, <i>Al dolce guidami</i>	Donizetti.
Overture, <i>Ruin of Athens</i> (first time of performance in this country)....	Beethoven.
Conductor, Mr. Forbes.—Leader, Mr. Tolbecque.	

It will be at once seen, that, however attractive in its instrumental selection, a point which seems to be well preserved by the directors—this concert, in the vocal part, was quite the reverse, at least in the compositions selected. It could

hardly be supposed that the person who formed the one had anything to do with the other; but singers, and Italian ones especially, will have their own way; and thus, the subscribers were compelled to listen to *four* songs on the same evening, from the pen of one composer, and he—Donizetti. If *bad* singing were ever commendable, Grisi's "Come Innocenti" merited every encouragement; had it taken place on the Opera stage, instead of in the Opera concert room, she would, assuredly, have been hissed off. The singing of Signora Granchi was most tame and ineffective. Mr. Chatterton's performance was deservedly applauded; his fantasia is well adapted for the display of a masterly command over his instrument, although not in any way suited to the concert room. Mr. Jarrett's horn solo likewise deserves favourable mention. Beethoven's beautiful symphony, and the overture to *Euryanthe*, were very spiritedly executed; there was a little confusion in the latter part of Mendelssohn's overture, which, we fear, like the accompaniments to the vocal pieces, had not been previously rehearsed. In consequence of French tragedies being announced for the alternate nights with the opera, the next concert is put off until Friday evening, the 28th of May, when Rubini and Persiani will sing.

FOREIGN.—PARIS.

[From our own Correspondent.]

The new opera of M. Ambroise Thomas, so long talked of as *Le tour de Pise*, was produced last Monday at the *Academie Royale*, under the title of *Carmagnola*. It is a very so-so affair for the grand French opera, and will scarcely repay the composer for the time and talent it has cost him. The book is by Scribe, and yet it is a mere nothing—an *omelet soufflet* without spice or sugar. *Carmagnola* is a chief of banditti—a price is set on his head, and Stenio, a lover attempting the elopement of his mistress, is betrayed and cast into prison in lieu of the brigand. A party of monks are admitted to the supposed culprit the moment before his execution, who turn out to be the banditti in search of their chief, and the chief, an accepted lover of the governor's daughter—so Stenio is rescued to marry the maid, and *Carmagnola* is pardoned on his becoming a reformed rogue, as well as a married rake.

The music has all the cleverness and unpretension of the composer's style, is full of pleasant melody, and extremely well instrumented—several *morceaux* are in a popular vein, and very likely to become favourites—the overture is cheerful and not noisy, which is no little praise in the French school of orchestration. Justice was, by no means, done to this *premier essai* of this talented young artist, amidst the dubious shoals and quicksands that beset the harbour of the *Academie*—the scenery was old and faded—the dresses unfitting and threadbare—and the *mis en scene*, despite the long and protracted rehearsals, the perfection of imperfect. Of the performers, Mme. Dorus Gras alone deserved or received applause—her singing of a charming *aria* in the second act, with accompaniment for *trombone à piston*, covered and redeemed the sins of her competitors—it is a very pleasing and original song, and lifted the opera on its wings.

Poor *Don Giovanni* has been again postponed on account of the indisposition of Mdlle. Heinefetter, and *Der Freischutz* has created so much discussion in and out of the theatre, that it is questionable whether it will ever come forth. Mme. Cinti d'Amoreau retires from the stage to-morrow at the Opera Comique—Mme. Dorus Gras leaves for London next week—Duprez goes into the provinces on a long *conge* the week after—Vieuxtemps, you have got, and Liszt tells here publicly how handsomely he is bribed by Parry Jun. to desert Paris, and play at his concert on the 7th of May.

You will, perhaps, think we are to be left musically, in a state of famine—not a whit—we have fresh arrivals every day; and though we may lack the broad sunlight of the London season, we have stars enough to dazzle and bewilder a Herschel. There are two little girls named Milanollo who, with their father and uncle, I believe, have lately attracted the connoisseurs to their quartet concerts—Teresa, the younger, played a concerto at the last concert of the *Conser-*

vatoire, with very considerable talent and *eclat*. Auber's crown diamonds have proved precious stones—loadstones—to the Administration of the Comic Opera—the houses are still bumpers to it—how is it that Mr. Balfe has not appropriated this piece of *bijouterie* to the thirsty exchequer of the Lyceum?

Hotel de Nantz, Place Carousel, 17th April, 1841.

VIENNA.—The most prominent musical event of the last two months has been the production of the new oratorio of *Saul and David*, the music composed by Assmayer, *Maitre de Chapelle* to the Imperial Court (the poem by Kuffner), this composition is described as abounding in musical beauties, the martial choruses were exceedingly effective, and called forth loud applause. The solo parts were ably sustained at its first performance by Staudigl, Lutz, Weinkopf, Gehrre and Mdle. Mayer, as *Saul, David, Samuel, Jonathan*, and *Michel*. Mayseder directed the orchestra. The only novelty in the operatic world has been the reproduction of Halévy's *Judin* (Jewess), with the following strong cast—*Sara*, Mme. Hassel—*Isabelle*, Mdle. Korn—*Count Arnould*, M. Pfister—*Eleazar*, M. Erl—the opera was most enthusiastically received. Mdle. Carl made her *débüt* in Bellini's *Norma*, and was well received. Two operettes have been produced, the most successful entitled *Der Pak nut der Unterwelt*. (The compact with the lower regions) is by Vestris, and the music is selected from the works of popular composers. A new oratorio composed by Franz Hölzl, and entitled *Noah*, is shortly to be produced, the words are by von Perger.

BERLIN.—Among the musical attractions of the present year, in this city, the production of Auber's opera of *Lac des Fees, Fairy Lake*, and Beethoven's *Egmont*, reproduced after a period of nearly twenty years, may be considered as the most important; the non-success of the latter is mainly to be ascribed to the strife among the principal singers who expressed themselves greatly dissatisfied with the parts allotted them; the first performance proved their unfitness, and the error of the management in the cast of this beautiful opera. Spontini's *Vestalin*, with Mme. Fassman as *Julia*, and Eichberger as *Licinius*, was attractive; Boildieu's *Dame Blanche*, and Gluck's *Armide*, and his *Iphigenia*, were also successfully produced. A new oratorio, by Eckert, entitled *Judith*, has been enthusiastically received on its first and second performance; the want of a fine bold tenor has prevented its further repetition. Mdle. Schutze who sustained the part of *Judith* on its first performance is not equal to the part; her voice is far too weak and imperfect; for the composer has thrown in a great deal of dramatic fire, and a bold freshness distinguished this and other parts of the oratorio; the poem is by F. Förster. The Academy of Singing are now rehearsing Handel's oratorio of *Theodora*—this composition is scarcely known at Berlin. A new ballet, *Robert and Bertrand*, the music by Schmidt, has also been an attraction.

WEIMAR.—The long expected opera of *Herrmanns-schlacht* by Chelard was produced on the birthday of the grand duchess. The overture consists of a selection from the airs of the opera, and produced but little effect. Of the opera a more unworthy production, both as regards music and libretto, has been seldom witnessed; where a few beauties were faintly discovered, they were loudly applauded, the composer has no excuse either as to the efficiency of the principal performers or the choruses: great praise was due to the patience of the auditory.

MANNHEIM.—A new opera entitled *Silas* has been successful on its first three performances, the music is by Esser—the libretto by Gollmick.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The editors of the M. W. are, therefore, not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain, beyond what their editorial signature is appended to.]

HAMPSHIRE.—*Philharmonic Society*.—The final meeting for the season took place at Portsmouth, on Tuesday, the 20th inst., when an excellent programme was selected, and most satisfactorily executed. Messrs. Bell and Sibby were greatly admired and applauded for their several performances on the pianoforte and violin, and the whole evening's entertainment afforded unequivocal pleasure to the subscribers and their numerous friends.

SHREWSBURY.—*Choral Society*.—The last meeting for the season took place on Friday, the 16th inst., when selections from Handel's *Alexander's Feast*, and the serenata of

Acis and Galatea were performed with a considerable degree of skill and effect. The vocal department was exceedingly well sustained by Miss Stott, Messrs. Barlow, Walton, and Sheldrick, and the well-disciplined choristers of the Society. In addition, several glees and songs were meritoriously applauded, particularly Mr. Hobbs's "Captive Greek Girl," which was sung by Miss Stott with great delicacy and sweetness. Mr. Hiles played an organ concerto with great applause, and Mr. R. Davis was vehemently encored in an air with variations on the cornet-a-piston. The instrumental department of the orchestra was very efficient, and the performance of Rossini's overture to the *L'Italiana in Algieri*, and Beethoven's *Men of Prometheus*, were most creditable specimens of amateur taste and proficiency. The concert was fully and fashionably attended.

ABERDEEN.—On Tuesday evening week, a grand public performance of sacred music was given by the Choir of St. Andrew's Chapel. Miss Davie presided at the organ; and Mr. Davie conducted the vocalists, about fifty-six in number, eighteen of whom were females, who sung exquisitely. The instrumental part commenced with a voluntary on the powerful and sweet-toned organ of the chapel. Then followed Handel's celebrated coronation anthem, "Zadok the priest," to which ample justice was done, as was also to the two next pieces, by the same great master, "Lift up your heads," and "My soul doth magnify." Luther's hymn, "Great God," was also sung with great effect. After which, Handel's chorus, "All we, like Sheep;" "O my God, wash thou me," by Sarti; and "Hallelujah," by Beethoven, concluded the first part of the performance. In the second there were five of Handel's choice pieces, amongst which, "Angels ever bright" was sung most sweetly by Miss Davie. The audience, which was highly respectable, broke up shortly after ten, greatly delighted with the rich musical treat they had enjoyed.

The Concert given by the Misses Smith, in the Public Rooms, on Thursday evening last, was, we are happy to say, most numerous and fashionably attended. The duets of "The Lass of Gowrie," "We're ower young to marry yet," and particularly "My beautiful Rhine," were most rapturously encored; while "The Angel's whisper," by Miss Smith, and "Aileen Mavourneen," by Miss Julia Smith, were sung with a sweet simplicity and feeling that were quite enchanting. Mr. Shrivall, who has, for some times past, been the first singer in the Edinburgh Theatre, and who was a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, in London, has been gratifying the lovers of pure vocal music by several performances here.

READING.—*Amateur Concert*.—The last for the season took place on Tuesday evening, in the Town-hall, which was filled by five hundred inhabitants of the neighbourhood. The first part comprised several fine pieces by Handel, Haydn, and Pergolesi, established favourites at these concerts. "Angels ever bright and fair," introduced a new vocalist, Mrs. Parr. This lady sang with great sweetness and execution. Mr. Lovelock's execution of Haydn's delightful air, "With verdure clad," was justly appreciated by the audience. Mr. Vines gave the recitative, &c., "He layeth the beams," with his usual power, and the first part concluded with "The heavens are telling," by the whole strength of the orchestra, and producing a brilliant effect. The second, and miscellaneous part, was opened by the popular overture to *Semiramide*, followed by "Kathleen mavourneen," which Mrs. Parr sang with so much taste and feeling, as to elicit a general *encore*. Festa's celebrated madrigal, "Down in a flowery vale," succeeded, and was also encored. A "Concertante Duett" (flute and pianoforte), was brilliantly performed by Messrs. Darter and J. H. Burton. Mr. Venua's "pot pourri" afforded an opportunity of hearing the talented leader of the concert to great advantage, who, on this occasion, equalled any of his previous performances. In thanking the audience for their marked favour, Mr. Venua noticed the difficulties of getting up entertainments of this character, and the duty of the public to support such efforts for their gratification. It is to be hoped the Society will continue to increase in skill and strength, until Reading possesses a *corps* of amateurs not inferior to any provincial town in the kingdom.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ENGLISH OPERA.—There was a general meeting of the company on Friday last, including the chorus, the band, and all parties engaged; when Mr. Balfe, having read over the extraordinary correspondence with Mr. Phillips, declared that the conduct of the deserter, by absenting himself on the 6th and 8th of March and subsequently, had involved the concern in debts amounting to upwards of three hundred pounds; for which he, Mr. Balfe, as the lessee and manager, was responsible. Under these circumstances, and looking naturally to his own predicament, and the just claims of his family, he declared his intention of closing the theatre immediately. Great consternation was apparent in

the assembly, and, after some little discussion, the entire company volunteered to perform twelve nights unpaid, in the hope of retrieving the loss and re-establishing the undertaking. The public, we trust, will duly appreciate this brotherly resolution.

Mr. Lover's operetta is all farce—its title, *Il Paddy Whack in Italia*, is farcical, its humour is broad, its incidents are ludicrous, its music is — well; at least, it is tuney, and that is a quality with which many more formidable "composers" have little to do. By-the-bye, Mr. Lover is a clever man (a little too ambidextrous to be paramount) and a gentleman; moreover, Mr. Balfé's authority declares him to be a modest man: how, then, are we to reconcile the bad taste evinced by him, in answering the call of his barber's apprentice, and thrusting himself before the curtain, to be laughed at by one side of the house and pitied by the other? The "modest" and "clever" gentleman who presides over the Theatre Royal *Punch*, never condescends to show his face in the proscenium, but diffidently pocketing the half-pence and the applause, retreats by the nether side of the curtain. *Il Paddy Whack* has been played throughout the week. A second operetta by Mrs. Maberly is announced; and a third, by Messrs. Haines and E. J. Loder, is in a state of cookage, to be served up as whets, while more substantial fare is basting into maturity.

GERMAN OPERA.—The attraction of *Oberon* has not realized the expectation of the management, nor is it likely to repay the very liberal outlay for its production—it is, however, proposed to play it once a-week (probably on Monday nights), to the end of the season. Mozart's *Zauberflöte* comes out this evening; and *Don Giovanni* and Spohr's *Faust* are in perspective.

ITALIAN OPERA.—As we some time since announced, Mdlle. Rachel, the Miss O'Neill of the French stage, will forthwith appear in London. M. Laporte, a fisher who never suffers a nibble to go unnoticed, has taken advantage of the embarrassments of the Oxford-street Theatre, and fairly netted the whole shoal of French artistes for the clearer waters of Her Majesty's Theatre. Mdlle. Rachel will perform some of the classic roles of Corneille Racine, &c., supported by several tragedians from the *Theatre Français*—each representation to conclude with a comedy of Moliere. The nights will be alternated with those of the Italian Opera; and, whether the houses overflow or not, the manager will certainly have his hands full.

THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE MUSICIANS gave their concert on Friday evening; the attendance was numerous and fashionable.

M. LISZT will arrive in London on Thursday next, and make his first bow this season, on the following evening, at Mr. John Parry's concert, who intends to sing, for the first time in public an English trio, for soprano, tenor and bass—being a dramatic scene between a tyrannical father, a weeping daughter, and a despairing lover!

BEETHOVEN'S CHORAL SYMPHONY.—No. 9, will be performed at the next Philharmonic concert. M. Dorus will play a concerto on the flute.

MR. ALLEN, THE TENOR SINGER, has, with a view to assist the re-establishment and the re-organization of the English Opera, most generously tendered his services till the end of the season: this is an example well worthy of imitation. If the numerous unengaged theatrical vocalists would rally round the flag of Mr. Balfé, the present dilemma might be easily averted and remedied, for they would enable him to give such variety and constant succession of novelty as must ensure general support. Messieurs and Mesdames Trebles, Tenors, and Bases, is it possible to awaken ye to the sensible certainty that the cause is your own?

NEW MUSICAL FUND.—The annual concert for the benefit of this laudable Institution will take place to-morrow, at the Hanover-square Rooms, when Haydn's *Creation* will be efficiently performed by a first-rate band and chorus, aided by the principal vocalists of the day. In addition, M. H. Vieuxtemps will play his celebrated *Capriccio* for the first time in this country. We need scarcely express a hope that the concert will prove a bumper.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE gave a concert last week, at which M. Vieuxtemps played, the Duke of Wellington listened, and his Royal Highness denominated the one "Prince of fiddlers," the other "Prince of warriors." The newspapers have eagerly disseminated these important facts, in order, we sup-

pose, that they may be transmitted to posterity amongst the sayings and doings of this illustrious age. This is called "a compliment," but we really cannot see it, either good or bad. To our notion, the person *least* complimented in the matter is—the gentle reader.

MR. BRAHAM.—News has been received of this gentleman's progress in America, which is entirely satisfactory to his numerous friends.

WONDERFUL REVELATION OF MUSICAL FACTS.—Letter to the Editor of the "Times:"—

"SIR,—I was at the Queen's Theatre last night, to hear Bellini's beautiful opera of *Norma*. All the critics of the press have overlooked a material fact—namely, to mention that there has been an overture written and performed to supply Bellini's deficiency, for that composer had no overture to *Norma*, but merely a few introductory bars before the drawing up of the curtain. The composer of the new overture to *Norma* is a young English amateur, Mr. Charles Roper, the son of the Admiral, and brother of the author of the *Practice of Navigation*. The overture was so well done, and so in keeping with the music of *Norma*, that the audiences on both nights, Saturday and Tuesday, as well as the critics, all supposed it was Bellini's composition, forgetting that there was no overture attached to Bellini's opera of *Norma*. The band (the finest perhaps in Europe) did it ample justice, and much credit is due to Costa, the conductor, for the pains he took to enter into the spirit of the amateur's composition. I really think the public should be put in possession of this fact. Young Roper has been five years in Germany, studying contra-point. He is a second Ole Bull on the violin himself, and I think promises to be a great composer.

"April 21.

"AN AMATEUR."

If our readers be not edified by this super-sublime specimen of acumen and epistolization, we are truly sorry for it. Sterne says somewhere, we quote from memory, "Everything is big with jest, and has wit in it—if we have but wit enough to find it out." We most complacently give Mr. Roper, his trumpeter, and the public, the full benefit, so far as we are able, of this astounding revelation!

PROGRAMME OF THE ANCIENT CONCERT of Wednesday, the 28th of April, 1841, under the direction of H.R.H. Prince Albert. Conductor, H. R. Bishop, Mus. Bac. Oxon.—

PART I.

The National Anthem, God Save the Queen	
Chorus, 'Kyrie eleison—Solo, Qui tollis—Chorus, Et vitam venturi (Second Service)	Haydn.
Duetto, O salutaris hostia—Miss Birch and Mr. Harison	Cherubini.
Solo, Full fathom five—Miss M. B. Hawes.—Chorus, Sea nymphs (Tempest)	Purcell.
Selection from a Cantata, Solos—Mesdames Grisi and Persiani (Preis der Tonkunst)	Beethoven.
Glee, Come, fairest nymph—Miss Birch Messrs. Hawkins and Bennett and Phillips (full choir)	Earl of Mornington.
Terzetto, Tremate—Mme. Viardot, Signori Rubini and Labiache	Beethoven.
Chorus—Requiem eternam (Requiem)	Mozart.

PART II.

Overture.—Aria, Dolce idol mio—Rubini (Die Entführung aus dem Serail)	Mozart.
Recit. and Chorus, Let old Timotheus (Alex. Feast)	Handel.
Recit., Andiamo, andiam.—Agietta con Coro, Invano alcun desir—Mme. Garcia Viardot (Armida)	Gluck.
Sestetto, Ciel fallan (Les Deux Journées)	Cherubini.
Corale (full choir.) Wake, O wake! a voice is crying (The Melody, by Martin Luther, harmonized by)	S. Bach.
Aria, Gratias agimus Mme. Grisi	Guglielmi.
Chorus, Hark! the angel voice is calling.	Himmel.
Notturmo, Co' bei papaveri—Grisi, Persiani and Viardot (Timoteo)	Winter.
Chorus, O, let us combine (Preis der Tonkunst)	Beethoven.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert attended the rehearsal on Monday morning; also, the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Camden, Lord Burghersh, the Archbishop of York, Duchess of Bedford, &c. &c. The third concert will be under the direction of Earl Howe; conductor, Mr. Turle.

ERRATUM.—Music Hall, *Store-street*, was printed by mistake in p. 270 of our last number, for Music Hall, Manchester.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK

Thursday—Miss Lightfoot's Morning Concert; Covent Garden Theatrical Fund Dinner.

Friday—Concert of the New Musical Fund.

Saturday—Philharmonic Rehearsal.

Monday—Morning Rehearsal of the 5th Ancient Concert; Philharmonic in the evening.

Tuesday—Miss Orger's Morning Concert (postponed on account of illness).

Wednesday—The 5th Ancient Concert; director, Earl Howe.

English Opera, every evening

German Opera, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday.

Italian Opera, Saturday, and Tuesday.

TO CORRESPONDENTS,

Our last week's notice was omitted at the last moment from press of matter.

"P." will credit us when we say that we do not regret having kept silence; the disclosure cannot benefit the concern, and will assuredly injure the individual; however, he deserves it. The A. C. affair of course must stand over for the present.

Mr. J. W. H. is thanked; we were made up and over full when his parcel reached us.

"J. G." will be attended to.

"P. Z." is under consideration

"G." at Milan should enquire of the numerous correspondents.

"Miss Lucombe," "A Member of the Sacred Harmonic Society;" their notes were not received till after our last week's publication. To the former, we trust we have made the *amende honorable*—of gallantry and justice; to the latter, we reply that we are neither so sharp as to recognize a lady's features with whom we are totally unacquainted, nor so wise as to know her name when it is not whispered to us. The Member may be gifted with longer ears, and may, moreover, use that lady's pest—a quizzing glass. His *eclaircissement* of the other matter evinces the usual dunce's quality of mystifying what he would explain.

"A Subscriber." We have but little cognizance of Signor R.; but either of the two professors named would be preferred if the case were our own. The signor is, we believe, neither a singer nor a musician.

"A Professional" is thanked; his extract was in type when we received his note.

"Enquirer." Miss Funny Healy is not a sister of "the degraded person so well known at the police offices."

"J. G." will find a note for him at Mr. Groombridge's.

"Philo," "Cantus," "W. D." and "Irish Composer," shall have due attention

"F. V.'s" favour is turned to the best account.

Mr. Pendleton will please to insert—"The poetry from the 'MUSICAL WORLD,' written by, &c."

"G. J. C." next week.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.

- Bosio, —A la Noblesse, series of quadrilles, no. 9, from Thomas's opera, Carline; no. 2 from the opera La Reine Jeanne *Wessel.*
 Dohler, —Euvres choisies no. 8, Grandes Variations on Del! con te! from Norma *Ditto.*
 Kalliwoda, —Euvres Choisis no. 3, Rondo 1 Le Printemps, in C *Ditto.*
 Weber's Works, edited by Moscheles.—No. 20, Vien qua dorina bella, with variations, op. 7; no. 21, Variations on an original air in F, op. 22 *Chappell.*
 Musard's Quadrilles, Le Gothique, harp and piano *Boosey.*
 — Les Echos Suisses, ditto *Ditto.*
 — Le Proscrit, ditto *Ditto.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Clinton and Hammers.—Six Italian Trios (Del! con te; Je mia man, &c.), for flute, cornet-a-pistons, and piano *Wessel.*
 Hummel.—Second of 6 Grand Trios, op. 22, in F, corrected from the original German edition *Ditto.*

ORGAN.

- Stevenson.—Six Chorusses of Handel, newly arranged *Ewer.*

VOCAL.

- Davison.—Village Bells *Wessel.*
 Horsley, W.—Maureen, ballad *Chappell.*
 Pye, K. J.—To rend a cheryshed love aparte, canzonet *Ditto.*
 Linley, G.—List, soft music fills the air, duet *Ditto.*
 — From the shores of gay Provence ballad *Ditto.*
 Patten, W.—Thy heart is not mine *Ditto.*
 Gems of German Song, book 9, containing, Methfessel, Expand thy wing; Weber, What magic spell; ditto, Rosabel, adieu; Beethoven, Tears of Love; Krebs, Dearest I think of thee; Freudenthal, Song of the Troubadour; Loewe, Night thy stillness; Kreutzer, The old king's Death-night; Spohr, For to sadness *Ewer.*

JUST PUBLISHED.

GEMS OF GERMAN SONG. Book IX. Price 5s. Containing—

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| Methfessel.....Expand thy wing | 1 | 0 |
| Loewe.....Night, thy stillness | 1 | 0 |
| Weber.....What magic spell | 1 | 0 |
| Beethoven.....Tears of love | 1 | 0 |
| Weber.....Rosabel, adieu | 1 | 6 |
| Freudenthal.....Song of the Troubadour | 1 | 0 |
| Kreutzen.....The old king's Deathnight | 1 | 6 |
| Spohr.....For of Sadness | 1 | 0 |

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ARNOLD and SON, Liverpool; SIMMS and DINHAM, Manchester; WRIGHTSON and WEBB, Birmingham. London: Printed and Published by JOHN LEIGHTON, of 11, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, in the City of London, at his Printing-office, 11, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, in the said City of London.—Thursday, the 29th day of April, 1841.